The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE EVE OF ELECTION.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

O'er fallen leaves
The west-wind grieves,
Yet comes a seed-time round again;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms;
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle-songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE NEED OF SELF-RESPECT.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

"And he said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee."—EZEKIEL ii, 1.

There are many passages in the Bible which describe the servants of God, as their Lord's messages came to them, falling upon their faces on the earth, and in that attitude of most profound humiliation listening to what God had to say. There is a great truth set forth in all such pictures. Only when a man is humble can he hear and understand the words of God. But in the passage which I have taken for my text there is another picture with another truth. When God was going to give a message to Ezekiel, He said to him, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee." Not on his face but on his feet; not in the attitude of humiliation but in the attitude of self-respect; not stripped of all strength and lying like a dead man waiting for life to be given him, but strong in the intelligent consciousness of privilege, and standing alive, ready to co-operate with the living God who spoke to him; so the man now is to receive the word of God.

I hope that we shall be able to comprehend this idea truly enough to see that it is not contradictory of the other; though certainly it is different from the other. The truth is often urged upon us that if we are proud we shall be ignorant; if we do not listen humbly we shall listen in vain to hear the divine Voice of which the world is full. We are pointed continually to men who have evidently no wisdom but their own, because they have never deeply felt that they needed any other, and who therefore are filling the land with their foolishness. But this other truth is not so often preached, nor, I think, so generally felt: Unless you honor your life you cannot get God's best and fullest wisdom; unless you stand upon your feet you may not hear God speak to you.

The question comes to us pressingly on Thanksgiving Day,—can we, shall we, thank God for His mercies, standing upon our feet and rejoicing that we are men thoroughly grateful for the real joy of life? Back of all the special causes for thanksgiving which our hearts recognize, is there a thankfulness for that on which they all rest, and in which they are sewn like jewels in a cloth-of-gold; for the mere fact of human life, for the privilege and honor of being men and women?

There are men who say that the world is growing worse from day to day. Sometimes this depression is very sweeping and talks despairingly of man in general; sometimes it is special and merely believes that our own age or our own land is given up to moral corruption and decay. As to its general character, I think it may be said that it comes from an inspection of human life which is neither the shallowest nor the deepest. It has got below the surface facts and first appearances of things, but it has not got down to their essential and central truth. There is the surface view of life which is bright and enthusiastic. There is the sight of life deeper than this, which is sad and puzzled. There is the deepest sight of all, which is bright again with a truer light, and enthusiastic again with a soberer but more genuine happiness.

The first aspect of life makes the bright optimist, which every live, healthy boy ought to be. But this is only on the surface, as most men soon find out. By and by the exceptions and the contradictions and the limitations of life begin to show themselves. Then comes the danger of men's learning to count the sick people till they say there is no health; to count the dull days till they say there is no sunshine; to count the failures till they say there is no success; to count the frauds till they declare there is no honesty.

Now what goes deeper still? I answer, —a new idea of what life is for, and of what happiness a man really needs. The notion of education and of character as the end of life, of *something which a man is to be made*,— that opens to a man. Things which never could have made a man happy develop a power to make him strong. Strength and not happiness (or rather that happiness which comes by strength) is recognized as the end of human living. And with that test and standard the lost order and beauty reappear. The world is man's servant and friend; and man, full of the deeper self-respect, is ready to hear deeper and diviner messages of God.

This is the way in which we pass to deeper knowledge. He who has delighted in the outside pleasures, and then bowed down in misery because they disappeared,

rises up at last and stands upon his feet, when he discovers that God has a far deeper purpose about him than to keep him gay and cheerful, and that is to make him good; and with that deepest intention no accidents can interfere. With that discovery despair disappears, and a self-respect, which is full of hope and ready for intelligence, comes in its place.

If a man dwells in his mind upon the evil and the misery of human life, and does not believe in God, he himself is dragged down. If a man believes in the misery of human life and does believe in God, he is carried up to higher notions of God's government, which have loftier purposes than mere happiness or pain. The one great question is whether the man still believes in God. If he does, then he must come out in the light, whatever darkness may first be passed through. If he does not, then, however wise he grows, he will end in folly and despair.

And all belief in God must be belief in final good. No view of the universe can be despairing which keeps Him in sight. "Ah," but you say, "do we not all believe in God? Is there one of us that denies His existence?" Probably not; but there is a sort of atheism which still repeats the creed. There is a belief which does not bring Him (nay,—which does not let Him come) into close contact with our daily life. The very reverence with which we honor God may make us shut Him out from the hard tasks and puzzling problems with which we have to do. *Let God into your life!* Then, however your first light optimism may be broken up, and the evil of the world may be made known to you, you can never be crushed by it. You will stand strong on your feet, and hear God when He comes to teach you the lessons of the higher, soberer, spiritual optimism, to which they come who are able to believe that all things work together for good to the man or the people that serve Him.

Stand up, on this Thanksgiving Day,—stand up on your feet! Believe in man! Soberly, and with clear eyes, believe in your own time and place. There is not, and there has never been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope and believe in work. Only to a self-respect which stands erect in conscious privilege, erect for expected duty, can God speak His great and blessed messages and be completely understood.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Breathe on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,—
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

—*Edwin Hatch.*

Many of us are mentally asphyxiated—horribly nervy. I wonder if, when you felt spiritually choking (with its usual bad effect upon physical health), you ever tried this experiment. Go somewhere where you can be *by yourself.* Then go down on your knees and say, "Father, our Father!" Then don't talk; don't say words; think and *listen.* Think, conscious of the Great Presence. Have it all out; unload your mind; open your heart; cast the burden upon the Lord. Listen to the silence, till it becomes vocal, the voice of gentle stillness. Tell Him all about it—what you are afraid of, what you want, whom you want to help; ask Him how to do it. You will not fail to get an answer: "I am with you always. The best is yet to be."

Then you will believe in prayer as communication; you will know that spirit with Spirit can speak because the Spirit has spoken to your spirit. When you meet the dear, foolish man who discusses the "problem" of prayer, you will tell him that it is not a problem at all, but a fact of experience. When you meet the man who says he does not believe in prayer, you will not argue, but will simply reply: "Don't you? I do!"

You will have another experience—you will feel lighter; you will have cleared out a lot of congested rubbish; the spirit will be able to function; the bogeys will have disappeared. If they try to come

back they will be resisted; if the old troubles and difficulties and anxieties crop up again they will not overwhelm—because, having been once faced in the Presence and Power of God, they will be seen in their true light, and not be mistaken for realities. You will feel clearer in the head, lighter of heart, more vigorous; like a man who has had a swim in cool, running water.

You will never forget that half-hour alone; probably you will not say anything about it to any one. You will not tell any one that you had a talk with God, or what He said to you. Yet you will ever after have a new idea of prayer, and you will never forget that sense of being alone with God. You will say to yourself one day soon, "I'll do that again!"—*W. Manning, in The Christian Life.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Rev. William A. Alleyne from New Lisbon, Wisconsin, to Vanderbilt, Michigan.

Mrs. Mary Steele from Long Island, Kansas, to Stamford, Nebraska.

Miss Fannie M. Cannaday, from Rising Sun, Maryland, to West Grove, Chester County, Pennsylvania, R. D. 2.

Mrs. A. C. Hottinger from Thornville to Hebron, Ohio.

Mrs. Sue Quisinberry from Bumpass to Faber, Virginia.

Mr. C. J. Ross from Salisbury to 308 Ireland Street, Burlington, North Carolina.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers a good modern Cook Book (simple recipes), a Handbook of Knitting, and a collection of fifty pictures, copies of paintings by famous artists. The pictures offered are in black-and-white only.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Lucy Jones, Bassett, Virginia, Route 3, will appreciate reading of any kind, and cards for the children.

2. Books and magazines will be welcomed by Mr. Clay Gyles, Murray, Idaho, a miner living miles from any neighbor.

3. Mrs. S. B. Hammer, Knoll, Virginia, sends thanks for past favors. She asks for a dictionary for her eleven-year-old-boy, and a primary arithmetic for the nine-year-old.

4. Mrs. Cooper Hatcher, who has been forsaken by her husband while at an insane asylum, has recovered and has no way to make a support except as she pieces quilts for sale. Any one sending cotton, woollen, or silk pieces for patchwork will be a great help. Her address is now, Care of Mildred Alley, Germantown, North Carolina.

5. Mrs. Pearl Rakes, Olaf, Virginia, hopes her friends have not forgotten her, and asks for cheer to relieve the lonely hours.

6. Mr. W. L. Bailey, Waugh, Virginia, will appreciate any good reading.

7. I am a girl nearly fifteen years old. My birthday will be on November 26th. I should like to receive some good books to read, papers or magazines; also scraps for patchwork and bits of ribbon for my quilts. My little sisters would be glad of cards and pictures. I belonged to your club when my address was Elamsville, Virginia. Effie E. Hall, Ashland, West Virginia. Mrs. B. J. Hall, Effie's mother, writes: "As I haven't heard anything for some time I will write again. I wish to thank the friends for all that has been sent. I should appreciate some good reading for my husband and children and *The Cheerful Letter* for myself."

8. Mrs. Hazel Watson, Copeland, Arkansas, writes to thank those who sent her reading in the past. She will be grateful for anything sent during the winter; also for cards for the children,—Alice, six, Enid, four, and Ila, two years of age.

9. Mrs. Clarence and Miss Bessie D. Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2, Box 33, write: "We wish to thank all who have been so kind in sending us things. We certainly have enjoyed everything re-

ceived, and should be very glad to continue to receive reading matter."

10. Mrs. Amos Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, Route 1, asks for reading.

11. I write to thank the dear friends for the reading they have sent me, so much enjoyed. I am getting very old. I live alone with my blind son. I am happy and cheered when I have a good book to read. I have been very sick, and the time seems long when you can't get out! I hope you will send me more reading. Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas.

12. Mrs. J. M. Vannoy, Vannoy, North Carolina, hopes to receive some good story-books.

13. Mrs. Dora Smith, Polkton, North Carolina, desires reading matter and a correspondent.

14. A friend of my mother's has told me about the Cheerful Letter club and I have decided to write and ask for a correspondent. I am a farmer's wife. We live twenty miles from town; have two children,—Dorothy, six years old, and Avis, one year old. I should be very thankful for some reading matter. I am fond of good magazines and books, but we are poor hard-working people and haven't the means to buy good reading, so if any one is more fortunate please send me some books and magazines. My husband's health is not very good, so that makes times seem kind of blue. I should enjoy corresponding with different people in other States as I haven't had the opportunity to travel much in my life. Will promise to answer all. I think the Cheerful Letter club must be a wonderful work and such a comfort to people like myself. I give as reference Rev. W. M. Esquen, Schuyler, Virginia. Mrs. Jas. R. Robertson, Faber, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, Box 32.

15. Mrs. Lillie Church, Goodwill, West Virginia, will be glad of reading. She is at times a great sufferer from rheumatism and confined to the house.

16. Mrs. Mildred Alley is going to teach school at Germantown, North Carolina, and will be grateful for story-books for children in the first four grades; also the *Geographic*, or any educational magazine for herself.

17. Mr. Wade H. Brooks, Unionville, North Carolina, Route 2, asks for "Wonders of Science in Modern Life," by Henry and Edward Williams.

18. Miss Minnie Witt, Epperson, Tennessee, will be grateful for any reading, including *The Cheerful Letter*.

19. Miss Lelia Williams will appreciate a cook book and be more than thankful for material for a sofa-pillow covering, and crochet thread. Address Naola, Virginia.

20. The *Woman's Home Companion* is asked for by Miss Ida R. Worden, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

21. I have just heard of your good work and I should love to know if you sisters would mind having a poor bedridden woman join your happy circle. I have been lying here for forty-two years. Am now seventy years old. I am very poor. We have to rent and it is hard to live. I have no one to care for me but my aged husband and a weakly daughter. My husband is not able to do heavy work and can't earn much. Our daughter has been to the hospital for a cure for her sickness; she is far from well, but can do our housekeeping. My daughter and I would like to have quilt pieces of any kind, and good reading. I can lie here and piece quilts, tat and crochet for our living; but it's a poor living these hard times. My minister's address is Rev. Ira Erwin, Norwood, North Carolina. If any one wishes to write him I should be glad for them to do so. I had milk leg twice, which has left me paralyzed from my hips down. My elbows are now so sore from pressing them against the bed, cutting out quilt pieces and other garments for people to earn something, I can hardly bear the weight on them any more. I have not had my feet on the floor in forty-two years. I should like some new pictures for my wall. I have looked at the same old pictures for years. My daughter's name is Nelie Blalock, and my name is Mrs. M. T. Blalock, Norwood, North Carolina, Box 142.

22. Mrs. A. C. Bradshaw, Kerr, North Carolina, will be glad of any reading, especially *The Cheerful Letter*.

23. Miss Hannah G. Blanchard, Madison Centre, Maine, who writes she is old and feeble, will enjoy any cheer.

24. Mrs. Elzara Brown, Northport, Maine, confined to her room, would enjoy cards; her eyes do not permit her to use them for much reading.

25. Mrs. J. H. Bondurant, The Hollow, Virginia, will be glad to have some story-books for children, and *The Cheerful Letter.*

26. Mrs. Lydia Harmon, Decatur, Tennessee, Route 4, the mother of seven children, would like to receive books and magazines.

27. I am writing to let my friends know I have changed my residence from Long Island, Kansas, to Stamford, Nebraska, and shall be very glad to have papers and magazines in the future as in the past. I have received help and enjoyment from them. I thank you, dear sisters, for your kindness to one so far away. Mrs. Mary Steele, Stamford, Nebraska.

28. I wrote to *The Cheerful Letter* a little over two years ago and since that time I have received nice reading for myself and girls and little boy. One lady sent me the *Woman's Home Companion.* I wish to thank one and all. For several months I have been suffering with a broken ankle joint and of course I am unable at present to do any kind of work except hand work. I do embroidery, tatting, crocheting, and beading. Any book of instruction or patterns for this work will be much appreciated. The girls would like songs, ballads, and verses. Any books or other reading will be most welcome. Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Texas.

29. Mrs. Paul B. Rucker, Amherst, Virginia, will be sixty-eight on the 30th of October. Friendly letters and entertaining reading matter in good, clear print would give her a great deal of pleasure. She shares her books and magazines with neighbors both old and young, so could use a variety of material.

Straight is the path of duty;
Curved is the line of beauty.
Follow the one and thou shalt see
The other ever following thee!

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MORE OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Out of the chaos and suffering of the World War has grown a demand for better health. The new demand arising from this changed point of view, aiming at the prevention rather than the cure of illness, has done much in thinning the ranks of available women for community nursing. Also the world-wide plea for the American nurse has caused an unprecedented shortage of women to carry forward the high standards of the profession. Depleted by foreign need and the increasing domestic demand for the trained nurse to manage public health work in big industrial concerns, the profession is facing the gravest crisis in its history. It is not so much that there are fewer nurses than formerly, but that there is a greater demand.

To recruit the fast-dwindling ranks a campaign has been launched to enroll one hundred thousand women in the nurses' training schools of the country. In the appeal that has gone forth from the Department of Public Welfare, New York City, Bird S. Coler, director of the campaign, has made an interesting announcement. It is of moment to all women who desire to enter the nursing profession. It concerns the establishment of a school for attendant nurses, the first of its kind to be established in the United States. By reason of this departure in the standards for training of the nurse, women who have hitherto been barred because of educational requirements are now welcomed.

In the literature sent broadcast by the Department this summer, accompanied by five thousand posters, the importance of this new course is explained in full. Its value to the housewife, the urgency of its plea, and a statement of the requirements are set forth.

It is hoped that this course will give an opportunity to young women who have been unable to have high-school work. It should afford an opportunity for helping young women broaden their sphere of usefulness, or who for some reason have been unable to take the longer course for the nurses' training. During the training, which lasts nine months, the attendants are given full maintenance, are supplied with books and uniforms, and in addition are paid $33 a month. This ought to appeal to self-supporting women. Or

graduation places are found immediately for these trained attendants. They are registered and may, if they wish, go out and do community nursing.

These attendants will release many of the trained nurses, it is thought, and in this way materially aid in solving the present problem of nurse shortage. The attendants are intended to supplement but not to supplant the work of real trained nurses. That will be obvious when it is stated that these attendants will be graduated in one-third the time that it takes to educate a trained nurse. At present four city hospitals in the metropolis have instituted the course. A woman between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five with a common-school education is eligible for entrance.

The war services of the American nurse have been universally appreciated. She is in such demand in Europe at this moment that only unprecedented volunteering will begin to meet the need. The slogan that hitherto has applied only to service men is now that of the women: Join the army of nurses and see the world.

The New York City institutions where the course for attendant nurses is now in operation include the Central Neurological Hospital, Blackwell's Island; New York Children's Hospital, Randall's Island; Sea View Hospital, Staten Island; and Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn.—*The Outlook.*

MAKING THE ALARM-CLOCK USEFUL.

Minnie had run in to see her friend for a few moments. She found Gertrude just putting a delicious-looking pie in the oven.

"What are you doing with that alarm-clock?" asked Minnie, for her friend was apparently consulting it as she took the pie to put it in the oven.

"Oh! I'm seeing what time to set the alarm. I have to do some sweeping upstairs, and I want to be reminded when to take the pie out. I might get so busy up there that I should forget about the pie until it had baked too long. As soon as I hear the alarm, for I am setting it at the right time, I shall stop whatever I am doing and run right down and see to the pie."

"Well, of all the clever ideas!" exclaimed Minnie. "I should never have thought of it. As soon as I get back and make my cake I'm going to try it."

"If you haven't used an alarm-clock in this way you have no idea what a help it is. I cook by my alarm-clock a great deal, and let it help in all sorts of household duties."

As there are many besides Minnie who have never used an alarm-clock as an aid in household duties, it might be interesting to see how useful such a clock can be in other ways than merely waking us at a certain time in the morning. Why not let it wake us during the day when we have only a little while in which to relax? So many times home-makers hesitate to lie down and take the short rest that would be so reviving, because they fear dropping off to a long sleep. If an alarm-clock is set to go off at the time to get up, it gives perfect freedom from anxiety on that score. This allows us to relax, which in itself is restful even though sleep does not come.

Physicians often advise women who are not strong to lie down and relax for ten minutes frequently in a day rather than take one long rest. An alarm-clock will assist in reminding when to lie down as well as when to get up.

When the children go off to school, how many times do they ask, "What time is it?" We have to give them the time in a minute, for it is the minute too late that spoils their marks. Here again we can put the alarm-clock to good service. Set it to go off at the time they should start. Let them know you have done this to help them, and that when they hear the alarm they will have to go, or take the chance of being late. This saves commotion.

In these days, when life is strenuous, it is well to use every means to make it run smoothly. An alarm-clock, discriminatingly used, may help us all, as it did Gertrude.—*Lydia Le Baron Walker, in the Boston Traveler.*

We rejoice in life because it seems to be carrying us somewhere; because its darkness seems to be rolling on towards light, and even its pain to be moving on to a hidden joy. This is what Jesus does for us by his resurrection. Having the keys of death . . . he opens the doors on both sides of it and lets us look through, and shows us immortality. Not merely he lives forever, but so shall we. For us too death shall be, not an end, but an experience; and beyond it stretches immortality. —*Phillips Brooks.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The grandfathers and grandmothers of the boys and girls of 1920 used to laugh over the amazing tales of this traveller. If they were very young, they began by listening with wide eyes full of wonder. Maybe a few of the most literal-minded said: "Oh, my! How could such things happen!" But most Americans have a natural appreciation of a joke; they quickly learn to take his big stories for what they are worth and enjoy them as such. At all events, everybody ought to know a few of the Baron's adventures, for they are as famous in their own way as the entirely different tales about Robinson Crusoe.

An old-fashioned edition of these stories, published in 1860, has on the title-page a picture of a tombstone, inscribed:—

Here
Lies
Baron
Munchausen.

When I was a youth I sailed with a cousin from Amsterdam on a vessel bound for Ceylon. The only circumstance worth relating, which happened on our voyage, was the wonderful effect of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take on wood and water. Some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high that they appeared like feathers floating in the air. As soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their old places and took root again,—except the largest; that happened, when it was blown into the air, to have upon its branches a man and his wife gathering cucumbers. (In this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees.) The weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk and brought it down in a horizontal position. It fell upon the chief man of the island and killed him on the spot. This chief was a very wicked man who deeply wronged the other natives of the island. Though his destruction was wholly accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their new governors, in gratitude for the removal of the tyrant.

One day, after my arrival in Ceylon, I accompanied a friend upon a shooting party. Near the bank of a large piece of water I chanced for a moment to stand quite alone, when I heard a rustling noise behind me. I turned and saw a lion approaching. What was to be done? My rifle was not fitted for such big game. He approached at full speed, and I would have fled, but on the other side I found a crocodile with his vast mouth extended, ready to receive me. On my right was the deep water; on the left a terrible precipice with venomous snakes at its foot. I gave myself up as lost; the lion, on his hind legs, was just on the point of seizing me. I fell to the ground in fear, expecting at each instant to feel his teeth or his talons. After some seconds of terrified waiting, I heard a strange noise, unlike any sound that had ever reached my ears before. I raised my head, and discovered that the lion had jumped forward, *over me*, into the crocodile's mouth which was wide open. The head of one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to get free. I cut off the lion's head with one stroke of my hunter's knife, and then rammed the head farther into the crocodile's throat, so as to choke him. My friend and I afterwards measured the crocodile and found him to be forty feet long.

Another year, in the middle of the winter, I set off from Rome for a journey through Russia, thinking that the snow would probably mend the bad roads in Russia. I found the snow extremely deep in the far northern part of that country, and the villages few and far between. One night darkness overtook me at a point where no houses were to be seen. I was very tired, so I alighted from my horse and tied him to something that looked like the pointed stump of a tree, which showed above the snow. I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. Conceive my astonishment when I found myself in the midst of a village, lying in the churchyard! My horse was at first not to be seen, but I heard him neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the church-steeple.

Matters were now plain to me. The village had been covered with snow over night; a sudden change of weather had taken place. While asleep, I had sunk gently down into the churchyard as fast as the snow melted away; and what, in the darkness, I had mistaken for the stump of a tree,—to which I had tied my horse,—proved to have been the tip of the church

steeple. I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

It was an uncommonly severe winter. At one time, riding in a coach through a very narrow road, I advised the driver to blow a signal with his horn, to warn off other travellers so that we might not have to meet any one in so narrow a way. He blew the horn with all his might, but in vain; he could not produce a sound. This was unfortunate, for soon after we met a coach coming the other way. I got out of my carriage, and, being pretty strong, placed it on my head; then I jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight I carried, was rather difficult), into a field; then came back into the road by another leap over the hedge at a point beyond the approaching coach. Then I went back for the horses, and, placing one on my head and the other under my left arm, transported them in the same manner; after which the horses were again fastened to the carriage and we continued the journey. I should perhaps have mentioned that the horse under my arm was very spirited and not above four years old. While making my second spring over the hedge he expressed great dislike by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his legs by putting them into my coat pocket.

After we arrived at our inn, the driver and I refreshed ourselves; he hung his horn on a peg by the kitchen fire. I sat on the other side of the fireplace. Suddenly we heard a *Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked around and found the reason why the driver had not been able to sound that horn; his tunes had frozen up; now they came out plain enough, by thawing over the fire. He entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without once putting his mouth to the horn. But at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I conclude this account of my Russian travels.

POPULAR SCIENCE AND NEWS.

PICTURES BY CABLE.

The *Daily Mirror*, a London newspaper, recently printed two pictures of the yachts Resolute and Shamrock, which were flashed across the Atlantic by phototelegraphy. The likenesses are not clear, but the newspaper says that as soon as the experimental stage is passed, it will be possible to send photographs by telegraphy to any part of the world.

Several years ago, Professor Korn, a German scientist, invented a costly complicated apparatus for sending pictures by telegraph. Mr. Thomas Anderson, a young Danish watchmaker, has recently perfected a method by which he is able to send pictures any distance over established telegraph lines or by wireless. Mr. Anderson's device is both simple and cheap, and after he has perfected it in detail he expects to send even complicated, colored pictures. The press will benefit from the invention, as pictures of persons and events will reach any part of the world as quickly as telegrams.—*The Christian Register.*

FACTORY WORKERS IN JAPAN.

Within the memory of middle-aged people Japan had very few factories and mills of the modern sort. Even the weaving of cotton and silken fabrics was done chiefly on foot-power looms in private homes. Now Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, and other large Japanese cities bristle with tall chimneys whose belching smoke tells of countless boiler-rooms where power is generated for moving every sort of industrial machinery.

It is interesting to learn that some at least of the Japanese directors of these new business undertakings have the good sense to try to avoid the mistakes made years ago by Western manufacturers, when factories and mills were first numerous in England and America. They are trying to begin with healthful working conditions and pleasant surroundings for the workers, such as we now have in our most advanced and intelligent business centres. Japan is profiting by the way in which we blundered, and is making her own start with the same new methods which we are proud to see followed in our own land. A pleasant instance of this sort of thing is described in a recent number of the *Survey*, telling about "welfare work" for girl employees in the big factories of the Tokyo Electric Company, where a great many kinds of electric machines and appliances are made,—especially electric lamps. The magazine article says:—

"Western methods of welfare work in industry are being adapted by the Japanese. Their method of approach, in a way,

is as colorful and distinctive as a Japanese poem or a Japanese painting.

"For example, in the welfare work being done by the Tokyo Electric Company, Ltd., a firm closely connected with the General Electric Company of this country, there are, among the classifications, those of 'culture' and of 'nourishment of high taste.'

"Under culture comes lectures, 'maxim boards,'—bearing fresh maxims each week,—and a monthly periodical through which the native welfare worker of the company says he is striving to let the factory hand improve his character. High taste is nourished by means of music, painting, the composition of verse, and drama with musical accompaniment.

"'Refreshment,' another classification, includes games, picnics, plays, flower-gardens, reading. The company, however, in addition to these cultural forces of welfare work does a great deal to educate the workers in safety and sanitation, has visiting nurses, and is beginning to interest itself in better housing."

The following is a translation of the Japanese words of a special song often sung by the girls of this factory:—

Tama River streams at the east,
Fuji High Mount towers up in the sky at the west,
Here on the Mazda Hill at Kawasaki
We are assembled working day by day.

Light is high, the merit of the lamp;
If we work diligently in co-operation
We are the Goddesses who lay the basis
Of the Ever Lighting Kingdom.

Devils in mind prosperous in the darkness,
Fearing the shining morning sun
Escape from our sight. If we light up the night with our lamp,
The Ever Lighting Kingdom will be at hand.

The poem is a company song in which the employees honor their work as being for public good.

We seem to give him back to thee, dear God, who gavest him to us. Yet, as thou didst not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him in his return. Not as the world giveth, givest thou, O lover of souls! What thou givest thou takest not away. For what is thine is ours always, if we are thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.—*Author unknown.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

FISH TRANSFORMATIONS.

1. Change a letter of a fish and find a tree.
2. Change a letter of a fish and find a masculine name.
3. Change a letter of a fish and find condition.
4. Change a letter of a fish and find ignoble.
5. Change a letter of a fish and find counterfeit.
6. Change a letter of a fish and find odor.
7. Change a letter of a fish and find fragile rock.
8. Change a letter of a fish and find keen. —*Selected.*

II.

ACROSTIC.

[All of the words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a famous man.]

1. An American river that empties into the Pacific.
2. A State of the American Union.
3. Another State of the American Union.
4. A village near Quebec, Canada.
5. The cup-bearer of Jupiter.
6. A noted German writer of plays.
7. A Greek philosopher.
8. A Roman statesman.

III.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To two-sixths of Thames add one seventh of Harvard, one-fourth of Nice

one-fifth of Keene, one-sixth of Nelson, two-sevenths of Georgia, one-eighth of Victoria, three-tenths of Washington, and make the name of a November holiday.

IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In dog, but not in cat.
In hen, but not in duck.
In fish, but not in deer.
In cow, but not in horse.
In hawk, but not in robin.
In rat, but not in pig.
In kitten, but not in quail.
In eagle, but not in sparrow.
In owl, but not in pigeon.
My *whole* is the name of the French President who has just resigned.

V.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 158 letters.

My 2, 94, 105, 141, 155, is a useful animal.

My 53, 83, 96, 143, 79, 139, means sultry.

My 93, 81, 62, 35, is a small creeping animal.

My 54, 3, 91, 15, 1, 90, 29, is one devoted to a military life.

My 41, 61, 71, 98, is an insect.

My 42, 158, 119, 150, 156, is found in Egypt.

My 147, 117, 34, 9, is a weapon.

My 78, 132, 107, 56, is a kind of fruit.

My 145, 8, 39, 51, 74, is a small vessel.

My 128, 77, 92, 70, 16, 154, 149, is a garden plant.

My 68, 100, 95, 58, 20, 110, 45, is a large animal.

My 72, 146, 57, 144, 21, is a tropical fruit.

My 4, 109, 135, 114, 18, 124, 127, is the flesh of deer.

My 13, 140, 44, is a small animal.

My 138, 5, 11, 142, is a kind of shelter.

My 17, 133, 137, 24, 19, 40, is an artist's workroom.

My 130, 67, 112, 27, 55, 126, 32, is a musical instrument.

My 6, 153, 129, is an indentation of the shore.

My 136, 103, 7, 118, is an inhabitant of South Africa.

My 120, 157, 104, is a pronoun.

My 12, 26, 151, 84, are used in washing.

My 85, 22, 82, 10, 59, 123, is a vessel used in the Mediterranean.

My 23, 37, 122, 50, is a bird's home.

My 101, 65, 63, 125, is a point of the compass.

My 97, 134, 38, 28, is a verb.

My 89, 111, 47, 80, 131, is a kind of candy.

My 88, 25, 116, is a cooking utensil.

My 60, 33, 30, 106, 75, 127, 113, are used in cooking.

My 76, 31, 48, 48, 36, is a Jewish priest.

My 102, 49, 66, 135, is used in church service.

My 141, 14, 52, is another name for a diocese.

My 152, 64, 83, 107, is a disturbance.

My 108, 43, 99, 86, is a small animal.

My 46, 87, 72, is a kind of fish.

My 102, 115, 143, 88, is a musical instrument.

My 69, 73, 121 are vowels.

My *whole* is Napoleon's note to Josephine after the Battle of Austerlitz.

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. A WHEEL: 1. Lavender. 2. Ladybird. 3. Landward. 4. Lemonade. 5. Literary. 6. Lucernal. 7. Lollipop. 8. Ligneous.

II. A DIAMOND:

L
B O A
L O D G E
A G E
E

III. CATALOGUE.

IV. 1. The old Greek god of music and poetry. 2. The god of wine. 3. The moon goddess. 4. The Fates or goddesses of destiny. 5. The messenger of the gods. 6. The goddess of family life. 7. The god of the underground regions. 8. The god of fire and of metal-workers.

V. ZIGZAD:

L A C E
J A D E
N A M E
E D G E
I D L E
A N T E
G O N E
B O D E
F O R E
E T N A
H A I L
H E E L
P O R T
D I E T
L I L Y
A G U E
R O A D
R I C E
M A G I
E S P Y

Landing of the Pilgrims

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The first Boston meeting of the season was held at 25 Beacon Street, October 1.

WANTED: SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, *it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do some canvassing during the autumn and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.*

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here, which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and, now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.